

None More Black, Under My Feet

I'm up here in my bedroom. I'm never coming out.
I've got some rearranging that I've got to figure out.
Maybe it's the computer, maybe it's the TV. Maybe.
Maybe Not. I doubt it. Maybe it's...
I've lost communication between rational and doubt.
Washed out the wave until it led me to the drought.
Now I'm pissed and angry, just staring at the floor.
I need a little more focus. Come on, this is ridiculous.
How something small has become so big.
Come on, I can't consider this.
I can't consider this is how it's gotta be.
I'm counting on the music to get me through the day.
I'm counting on the anti-histamine so I can breathe.
I'm choking on opinion. I'm coughing up conceit.
Ha Ha Ha. Just try to throw that back at me.
Drove twice through the same hour.
Flew right a day. Still it's not enough for me.